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THE Weekly Herald.

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NANNY'S GOOD SENSE.

"Minnie! Minnie! is my chocolate near ready?"

It was scrupulously neat and dainty in all its apartments, the little parlor where Mrs. Breighton sat, although the carpet was a tissue of darns, the furniture faded, and the hearth-rug skillfully eked out by a piece of quite another fabric inserted in the spots most worn. A few flowers, in a slender throated vase, stood on the antique, claw-legged table, the fender-irons glittered like gold, and the muslin curtains artistically mended here and there, were white as snow, and Mrs. Breighton herself looked like Cinderella's god-mother, in her dress of ancient brocade, best yellow lace, and the rings glittering on her small, shriveled hands.

Eighty years old, and a lady to the last! What though paralysis had robbed her of all use of those dainty slippered feet—what, though the grand house she entered as a bride was now narrowed down to this one room in a second-rate building, where two other families also sat up their household altars—she was a lady still, and she could boast that she had never degraded herself to commonplace toil.

"Our means are limited," said old Mrs. Breighton, with the lofty air of a duchess; "but the pension of my son, the colonel—who, as you probably remember, was killed on the Florida frontier—is sufficient to maintain myself and my two grand-daughters—and we are ladies."

Minnie Breighton presently came in with the chocolate on a napkin-covered tray and slices of toast, exquisitively browned and cut as thin as a wafer.

"I hope you haven't been kept waiting, grandma," she said.

"My dear"—with an air of mild resignation—"I am accustomed to wait."

"Oh, I'm sorry! But our fire is out, and I had to run and borrow the use of Mrs. Tucker's stove to boil the chocolate, and—"

Mrs. Breighton contracted her silvery brow.

"The Breightons are not of a borrowing race, Minnie."

"Shall I get you an egg, grandmamma?"

"No, if the fire is out, my dear."

And grandmother Breighton went on with her breakfast, wearing an injured air, while Minnie went back to the other room, where she sat with her twin sisters, cogitating.

Annie Breighton was as pretty as Minnie, but in a different style. She was dark, with melting almond-shape eyes, and olive skin, and lips like a pomegranate flower, so perfectly shaped, so richly red; while Minnie was tall and slender, and fair as a daisy.

Annie laid down a slip of paper as Minnie entered.

"It's the grocer's bill again, sister. What shall we do?"

Minnie sank back into a chair.

"And the gas yesterday, and the landlord not paid, and the purse as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. What shall we do?"

"That's the question," said Anna, reflectively arching her jetty brows. "If we can only keep it from grandmamma."

"We must," retorted Minnie, with a decisive nod. "It would kill her.—If we were men, now Nanny, we could go out and get a job of wood-sawing, or house painting, or—"

"Why can't we now?"

"Why? Because Pat O'Neil has got all of Mrs. Baker's wood to saw, and because we can't climb ladders with paint pots over our shoulders."

"But we can do something else I suppose. Listen, Minnie—money we must have."

"If we go out on the highways and ask it at the point of the bayonet," interjected Minnie, gravely.

"There's no property like genteel poverty," her sister sighed. "But you haven't heard my plan. Mrs. Baker, the laundress, in our top story is sick."

"What then? We neither have wine nor jelly, not yet crisp bank notes to bestow upon her."

"And she can't keep up to her engagements. There are two Swiss muslin ball dresses, fluted and puffed beautifully, lying in her basket watting to be done up at this present moment. Five dollars apiece for them."

"Well?"

"I shall do them up."

"Nanny! You!"

"Well, why not? Think what a golden stream ten dollars would be in our empty coffers! Ask yourself how on earth you or I could earn ten dollars in any other way. And after all a Swiss dress is a pretty poetical sort of fabric to wash and iron; and into the bargain, poor Mrs. Baker keeps her customers."

"Oh, Nanny! have you come to that?"

"Now you look and talk like dear old grandmamma! Don't be a goose, Minnie! Just you invent some story about my promenading in the park, or taking lessons in wax flowers making, to delude her credulous soul, while I go up stairs and coin money."

"But I may help you?"

"By-and-by, perhaps, if my wrists get tired. But now some one must stay with grandmamma."

* * * * * * *

"It is very strange," said Miss Georgeitte Appleton, "that my dresses haven't come home. Positively, I shall have nothing to wear to-night."

She was lounging before the sea-coal fire in a blue silk neglige, trimmed with swan down and a little French tangle of blue ribbons and lace pinned among her yellow tresses, with a pearl-headed javelin, while a novel lay in her lap.

"What an awful case!" observed the brother carelessly. "Where is the amethyst silk?"

"Oh, I wore that to the last reception."

"And the pink crape?"

"I look like an owl in pink. I was a goose ever to buy that silk."

"The Nile green silk with white flounces?"

"Sarah Howard has one just a shade lighter that she'll be sure to wear, and I believe the spiteful thing got it on purpose to kill mine. No, I must have the Swiss muslin with knots of blue corn flowers, and a Roman sash figured with gold. And you'll go around to the laundress, and hurry her up a little, won't you, George? that's a duck of a brother! And you know perfectly well you have been yawning your jaws off the last three-quarters of an hour."

"Where is it?"

"Only in Mendenhall street—just a pleasant walk. And do give Mrs. Barker a scolding, and ask her if she don't know better than to keep her customers waiting—although, of course, I know you will do nothing of the sort. Men have no moral courage. There's the address on the card. It'll be such a relief to my mind."

Major George Appleton was an army officer, home on a furlough, and rather at a loss to know what to do with so much extra time. Rich, which was another source of perplexity!—handsome, which wasn't so puzzling!

And so he sauntered along, his hands in his pockets and a cigar balanced between his lips, unconsciously advancing to meet his fate.

Rap! rap! rap! The Major played a tattoo with his knuckles on the door.

"Dear me, what a noise," said a voice inside, "come in"—a little louder.

The Major walked in to confront, not a wrinkled old hag of a washerwoman in a halo of soap and steam, but a beautiful young lady, dark and brilliant as an Arabian dream, with jetty curls pinned bak in a silken cascade at the back of her head, and a pair of fluting scissors in her hand.

Major Appleton started back, all his wits momentarily deserted him. It is a curious fact that the more embarrassed one party in a tete-a-tete becomes, the greater is the composure of the other. Annie Breighton should have colored and stuttered at being caught thus, but she didn't."

"What's your business, sir?" she asked with the greatest calmness.

"It's about my sister's gown—Miss Appleton's you know?"

And she took a second pair of fluting scissors from the stove, testing its heat by holding it dangerously near her velvet cheek.

Mr. Appleton, being posted in etiquette and general decorum, saw no harm in carrying home a basket of newly laundried clothes. So he sat down and waited, while honest Mrs. Barker started from the other room, where she lay upon her bed a captive to rheumatic pains.

"She's in a hurry you know;" said the Major, twirling his thumbs, and thinking how pretty the girl was.

"So am I," said Anna, making the scissors glide in and out in a most marvelous manner among the clouds of the sunny muslin.

"She wants to wear it," added the Major. "But I say you—know—you're not a regular washerwoman?"

Anna slightly straightened herself up.

"My father was a Colonel in the regular army. My grandfather was Hyde Breighten, of Breighton Manor, on the Hudson. But we are reduced now, and we need money, and I am not ashamed to work."

"By jove you're a trump!" said Major Appleton, starting up.

"Much obliged to you," retorted Anna, with sparkling eyes. "Would you mind holding the sash for me—just one second while I finish this loop?"

And when Minnie came up to see how her sister was getting on she found her aided and abetted by the Major of Cavalry, who was heating the alternate pairs of fluting scissors after a scientific fashion.

"Dear me," said Miss Appleton, when at last her brother made his appearance, "how long you have been gone."

"Yes," said the Major, rubbing his hands with an appearance of great satisfaction, "it took us quite a while to finish those last thirteen flounces."

"I s! you don't mean to say that you helped the washwoman!"

"Yes, I did;" said the Major;" and the frocks are down stairs, and I'm going up for a game of billiards."—And as he went he murmured to himself, "I thought all girls were alike, but I believe I've discovered one independent-one at least!"

"Grandmamma, I'm going to be married."

"You, Nanny? Why you are but a child."

Anna Breighton was kneeling beside her grandmother's chair, and the fairy godmother was stroking her curls with one tremulous white hand, where the antique jewels shone like drops of blood and scintillating sparkles of green fire.

"I'm eighteen, grandma."

"So you are! How time flies. Eighteen years old? But who's the happy man? We see no society worthy of ourselves, Nanny, and—"

"I'm sure you will like him, grandmamma. He is coming to pay his respects to you to-night. His name is Major George Appleton. He is in the cavalry and he owns a house on Madison avenue, and he loves me, grandmamma."

Nanny held her black-tressed head on the old lady's shoulder as she spoke the last words.

"All natural enough my dear; but do you love him?"

"Yes, grandmamma."

"And where did you meet him? —When were you introduced?"

"I wasn't introduced at all," returned Nanny, with mischievous elves of flame coming and going in her eyes. "I was fluting muslin up in Mrs. Baker's room, when he came in on an errand; and—oh! grandmamma, you have always thought it so dreadful hard to work, but if I hadn't been working I never should have met him. And I love him so much, grandmamma!"

"Well, well," says the old lady, rather reluctantly, "things seem to be altered from what they were when I was a girl."

"But you shall live with us always, grand mamma dear, and Minnie too, and we shall be so happy."

English Sparrows.

St. Joseph Gazette.

Col. John Pinger has received from Brooklyn 2 pairs of English sparrows, which he proposes to turn loose in his door-yard, and there to let them increase and multiply until the city is full of sparrows. This little bird, scarcely larger than an ordinary ground bird, and resembling it somewhat in appearance, is the worst foe to insects and vermin that they have to contend with. It is protected by law in England, and is considered the best friend the farmer has. Some years ago an effort was made to introduce them into this country, and in many places East they are now common.

The parks of New York, Brooklyn and many other cities teem with them, and a person can go into most any of them, and, by the aid of a broken cracker or a few crumbs, call them about him by the score. They will even light upon his person and eat from his hand, so readily do they become tame.

Col. Pinger has been trying to secure some of them for a long time, and night before last the incoming express brought the coveted treasures. If every citizen of St. Joseph who is able would follow Col. Pinger's example it would not be long before the sparrows would be so plenty in St. Joseph that we might never fear the attacks of the grasshopper or any insect upon our gardens or lawns.

A Kentucky schoolmaster whose wife was one of his pupils had occasion to punish her one day. The next day the schoolhouse door bore this inscription: "School closed for one week; schoolmaster ill."

The Cincinnati Times says that "hens are laying hard-boiled eggs." There's nothing eggs-traordinary in that, considering the weather; but hens should learn to bear the yolk more coolly.

THE HAMBURG MASSACRE.

Statement of the Colored Justice—How Little he had to do with Affairs, and how much "General" M. C. Butler took upon himself to Accomplish.

The Charleston (S. C.) News prints the substance of a written statement made by Prince Rivers, the colored Justice of the Peace at Hamburg, S. C., to Attorney-General Stone, which differs materially in its accounts of his accounts from the reports given by the Southern Democratic papers. In substance he says: "Upon affidavits of one Robert Butler, he issued warrants as trial justice for Doc. Adams and the other commissioned officers of a malitia company in the town of Hamburg, for obstructing the highway and preventing the said Robert Butler from passing. This was on the 5th of July, 1876. Owing to some confusion taking place in this office on that day, he postponed the trial till Saturday, the 8th, at 4 p. m., at which time General M. C. Butler appeared as counsel for Robert Butler.

During the trial M. C. Butler asked for more time, which was granted, he, Butler, promising to be ready within an hour, but he never returned to Rivers' office any more, but went to Augusta and returned with two companies of soldiers, and demanded the immediate surrender of the arms in the possession of the malitia to him. After some talk with Rivers, he, (Gen. Butler) granted them a half an hour to comply with his terms. Rivers then went to the drill-room of the company and consulted with the men, who were there assembled, to get them to give up their arms, sooner than have bloodshed. This they refused to do, saying that Gen. Butler had no authority to make them give up their arms. The time having expired, Gen. Butler gave the order for the troops under him to fire, which they did, and said fire was not returned by the militia for some time. Butler told me he would have the arms or burn the town. I, Rivers offered to box the guns and send them to Chamberlain, but Butler would not agree to this."

Democratic papers in the North are claiming that the outrages are condemned by the better class of Southern papers. The Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist doubtless would claim to be one of these, and that paper makes the following "correction" as follows:

"In our report of the Hamburg riot yesterday the types made us say:

"Whilst every honest and fair-minded man in South Carolina and Georgia, and the whole country, must condemn the course pursued by Gen. Butler and his men," &c.

What we really intended to say was, that, 'while every honest and fair-minded man in South Carolina and Georgia must regret the course of some of Gen. Butler's men,' &c. Engagements elsewhere prevented a reading of the proof, and hence the error of the report. Paragraphs following the above relative to the noble gentleman, Gen. Butler, whose kindness of heart is only equaled by his trepidity, show that the sentence alluded to was simply a lapse which the best of us, in the midst of excitement and annoyance, may fall into. We make the earliest possible amende honorable."

How many Indians are in this war.

Idaho Statesman.]

Father Mesplie, who is well posted on the Indian tribes, gives the following estimate of their numbers: He puts the Sioux down at 60,000; the Crows at 15,000; Blackfeet at 20,000; Utes or Utahs 35,000; and in addition there are the Brule, Ogalalla, Minneconjou, Yanctonnais, Uncpapa, Two Kettles, San Acres and Santoo bands. Some of the Crows and some others who live around their reservations are friendly, but many who pretend friendship will gather arms and ammunition for their tribes. He says they are all in strong alliance with each other to carry on this war, although when they have no common enemy to fight they fight each other; but now they are united against what they consider a common enemy, and will turn out all their warriors, and they will number at least 50,000, and the Father says it is likely to be the most formidable and bloody Indian war in the history of our Government. They are well armed, and will fight to the death whenever they are cornered.

A Norwich man calls himself on his card a "temperence boot maker." The need of temperance boots is apparent for though they're not generally drunk, it's a notorious fact that they're often very tight.

MIDDLERIB'S DOG.

A Tale of Horror.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

There was a most distressing circumstance happened up on Fifth street the other night. Mr. Middlerib, who is a devoted dog fancier, owns a beautiful hound about five months old. It is considered an ornament to the neighborhood. A hound pup, at that age, is an object of surprising beauty under any circumstances, but when you consider that Mr. Middlerib has raised his pup on scientific principles, boiled beef and rice, you can readily imagine what a canine divinity it is. Gaunt legs, longer than your grandfather's stories, and after the ones so crooked that the dog sticks his foot into everything in the yard every time he tries to scratch his ear. Sides look as though he had swallowed an old hoopskirt and the springs showed through; more ribs under his hide than there are spots in it. Tail as long as the dog, and two inches across the big end and tapering down like a marlin-spike; so lean you can count every joint in it, and so hard that you couldn't scratch it with a diamond. Has every appearance of having been made ten years before the dog was, and then hung out to bleach in the rain and dry in the sun until the dog came along. Ears soft as a kid glove, and about the size and appearance of a blacksmith's apron. Bear every evidence of being considered by all other dogs in the precinct as dreadful nice things to chew. Beautiful eyes; open twenty three hours and fifty nine minutes out of the twenty-four; scare every woman into fits that looks into the back yard after dark. Sweet mouth; opens on a hinge at the back of his head, and is never shut unless there is something in it. That is the best picture of a growing hound, one of these kind with liver-colored spots, that we can draw, and Mr. Middlerib's was just like that only more so. His principal characteristic was tendency to lunch. He was fond of nibbling little things around the house. Split his face last Sunday while the folks were at church, and shut it down over a whole ham. He likes to peck at odd bones and scraps, and Monday morning he ate two table cloths, a flannel shirt, a big roller towel, half a dozen clothes pins, and thirteen linear yards of clothes line before the washing had been hung out half an hour. Fond of eggs, too, and knows every hen by sight in the neighborhood, and sets off on a friendly call every time he hears a cackle. Mrs. M. wants to sell him, but Middlerib says gold couldn't buy him. So he stays, and eggs are scarce in that ward as ever.

Well, the other night Mrs. M. had made something by pulverizing a lot of very hot potatoes. We believe it was yeast, but we won't commit ourselves. Anyhow, it was necessary that it should cool very presently, and after some misgiving relative to the dog and his weakness, which were dispelled by Middlerib's indignant defense of that sagacious animal, the dish containing the fiery compound was placed on the outer edge of a window sill to cool in the night air.

Then the family resumed their occupation of hearing Middlerib explain the causes that led to the recent revolution in politics.

Such a weird, unearthly, piercing wail hadn't been heard since Dresseldorf learned to play the clarionet. It seemed to come out of the ground, out of the sky, out of the air around them, and for an instant the frightened Middleribs gazed on each other with white, terror-blanched faces. Then they rushed to the door and looked out. A gaunt, ghostly form, with liver-colored spots and a mouth full of hot potato yeast, thrashed wildly up and down the yard, splitting the darkness with terrific yells at every jump. It was Middlerib's dog, and it was apparently feeling uneasy. It dashed madly around in short circles and screamed "Police," and scraped his jaws with his paws, and wept and rubbed his chops along the cold ground, and swore and howled for water, and pawed the earth and sang psalms, and in several ways expressed his disapprobation of potato yeast as a diet. Finally he wedged himself in between the fence and the ash barrel and told all about it, how it happened and what it felt like, and how he liked it as far as he'd got. He never slept a wink that night. He was too anxious to get his narrative completed and see the proofs of it. Neither did anybody in the neighborhood sleep, either. And every time a water pitcher would crash down into the yard, or a boot-jack bang against the fence, or an andiron plunge madly into the ash barrel, the dog would laugh in mocking tones and go on with his testimony. About midnight a vigilance committee waited on Mr. Middlerib, but he wouldn't come out, and they couldn't stand the noise long enough to break in the door. The dog finished his statement about sunrise, when the committee rose. The family ate baker's bread the next day, and Middlerib has so far yielded to Mrs. M.'s entreaties as to say that if any man will make a fair offer he might sell an undivided third of the dog.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The Sioux Burning the Grass in the Big Horn Country—Carbines Versus Long Rides.

The *Telegraph's* correspondent with General Crook's expedition, writing from the camp on South Tongue River, Wy. T., July 23 says; Our thin ribbed horses and melancholy mules having devoured all the forage around Camp Cloud Peak, we have been making gradual marches to the stream about fourteen miles futher north, since Thursday morning, July 16. The heat has been intense, and the air and earth are full of enormous grasshoppers, moving down like a sand-cloud to lay waste Nebraska and Kansas. They have eaten up everything in there endless fields, already burning brown as moorland by the July sun, so that the country, or wilderness, has changed the verdant hue which greeted our eyes on the march to Rosebud for one closely approaching butternut—a fatal color for "boys in blue." Moreover, our ever-attentive friend, Sitting Bull, has been busy burning up the grass for miles north, east, and west of us, for some reason pregnant with Indian deviltry. He may think that he can starve out our horseflesh—no very difficult matter, seeing that our animals, entirely without grain for months, are half starvedalready. But his own ponies have stomaches, too, and we can stand the destruction of horse rations about as well as the Sioux leader. Indians never do anything without an object, and no doubt, before you read this we shall have solved the problem by some disagreeable process. Our Snakes, who scout the country every day, report that the mountains are all on fire down by the North Tongue River, and that the Sioux are going to defend themselves in those tremendious ranges full of canyons, boulders, and woods, where an army would be melted away in useless efforts to dislodge them. If it comes down to bushwhacking, I am willing to bet ten to one that the Sioux will give us the best whipping ever a command of this kind got. If we can get a fair, stand-up-fight out of them, away from any trees, why then I think we have some show of success, although the Indians must number at least double our present force, and that is a very moderate estimate of their strength.

Four Crow Indians came through via the Big Horn Mountains and Ash Creek, from Terry's command, two days ago. They report the Sioux still in the neighborhood of Little Big Horn River, with hunting parties down on Tongue and among the mountains. * * * * * The Crows report numerous Sioux dead in the country through which they passed—the savages, doubtless, fell before the rifles of Major Reno and his men. Judging by such reports as we have seen, Custer's troops could not have done much slaughter hemmed in and confused as they were. Besides, the cavalry carbine, in many cases, proved a treacherous arm. It appears that the ejector often failed to thow out the shell of the exploded cartridges, and, being unprovidedwith ramrods, the soldiers were virtually disarmed. A word on this subject: The government cavalry carbine is a very delicate weapon, easily injured, and once damaged, hard to repair. It has but one shell ejector, which often fails to work, and leaves the soldier at the mercy of his energy. The official dolts who got up the arm failed to have rammers provided, a great oversight. Even if the shell of the infantry soldier should stick, he has still his iron wand wherewith to pull it out. Futhermore, short arms in Indian warfare are entirely inefficient. The long infantry rifle is the thing to lift the Indian off his feet, wherefore the Sioux dread the "walk-a-heaps," terribly armed and unembarrassed by scary horses, much more than they do our showy cavalry. Had the latter "the long rifle" they would be twice more effective than they are It is objected that the infantry gun would be "unhandy." I don't think so. General Crook always carries one on his saddle, and surely any trooper can do the same. The carbine is a pretty weapon, but compared the musket of the foot it is a mere military toy, excellent for dress parade, but damnable for active service.

New York, August 9.—A special dispatch to the *Tribune* from the Big Horn expedition on Goose Creek via Fort Fetterman, says: Gen. Merritt, with his force, joined Gen. Crook yesterday and they are now ready for aggressive action. Under the new organization Gen. Merritt ranks as officer of cavalry and Col. Chambers as commander of infantry.

The entire column, with a pack train, will move at once towards Tongue river, with its 300 pack mules, 150,000 rounds of ammunition, 25,000 rations and no forage. This is the lightest marching condition. Men and horses are in the finest possible trim.

Scouting parties have discovered a large fresh trail of the Sioux leading towards the Lower Tongue and Powder rivers. It is believed the savages are in need of victuals, as picked carcasses of dogs are found around their camps. They have fired the prairies to ruin the pasturage and render the cavalry useless.

Gen Terry has not been heard from for a month. He is believed to have nearly 2,000 men.

Gen. Crook made a speech to his men yesterday, representing the necesity of each doing his best.

A special to the *Tribune* from St. Paul says: A wild report gained redence to-day that Gen. Terry, had met Sitting Bull and been worsted. It could not be traced to any reliable source, but shows that the opinion is generable that the Indians have a superior force.

A little boy was strewing salt upon the pavement for the purpose of removing the ice, when a lady passing exclaimed, "Well, I declare, this is real benevolence." "No, it aint," said the boy; "it is salt."

Five or six months of married life, remarks a veteran observer, will often reduce a naturally irascible man to such a condition of angelic humility that it wouldn't be safe to trust him with a pair of wings.

"Gen'l'men," exclaimed an old Connecticut salt, as he grasped the brawny arm of a Yale College oarsman and called the company's attention to its muscular development, "gen'l'men, thar's intelleck for yer."

A book agent was recently shot in Texas. Whereupon the Worcester Press heartlessly and malignantly remarks that "there is a universal demand all over the country for more book agents—in Texas."

The New Style.—Brown (to friend in bath): "Come and dine with us to-morrow, Jack?" Jack: "All right! Dress, of course?" Brown: "Oh, no; no ceremony, you know. Come just as you are!"—*London Fun.*

"Tender and true."—Little girl: "Oh please sir, I've brought your shirt 'ome, but mother says she can't wash it no more, 'cos she was obliged to paste it up agen the wall and chuck soapsuds at it, it's so tender,"—*London Fun.*

Brignoli is mellifluously tooting in Boston. He weighs nearly three hundred pounds, and out of his adipose vastness his voice issues like the note of some sweet minstrel inclosed in a beer barrel and trying to sing through the bung hole.

John Henry, reading to his wife from a newspaper: "'There is not a single woman in the House of Correction.' There, you see, don't you, what wicked creatures wives are? Every woman in that jail is married." "It is curious," said she; "but don't you think, John dear, that some of them go there for relief."

A thirsty toper, in a bar room, flung down his sixpence and then filled his glass to the brim with whiskey. "Hold on exclaimed the bartender, in apparent astonishment, "there is a chromo goes with that drink!" and tearing off a portion of the end of a cigar box, he politely handed it across the counter.

A man who was not clever at conundrums, in attempting to get off one at a ten party at his own house the other evening, became exceedingly mixed. He intended to ask the old question, "Why is a woman like ivy?" the familliar but gallant answer to which is, "Because, the more you're ruined the closer she clings." But he put it, "Why is ivy like a woman?" which none of the ladies could tell, and so the unfortunate man told them himself that it was "Because the closer it clings the more you're ruined."